

"THE OWL SAT ON THE OLD YEW TREE"

A BALLAD,

*Words & Music*

by

Mrs. A. R. Quyster,

in MEMORY of

**THE LOST:**

*Who were Wrecked in the Steamer Atlantic.*

*Nov. 28<sup>th</sup> 1876.*


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# THE OWL SAT ON THE OLD YEW TREE.

Words and Music by M<sup>rs</sup> A.R. LUYSTER.

GRAVE E.  
ESPRESSIVO.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in C major, 4/4 time, marked 'GRAVE E. ESPRESSIVO.'. The introduction consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system has a treble staff with a melody of eighth notes and a bass staff with a simple harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *p*, *cres:*, and *dim:*. The second system continues the piano accompaniment, ending with a *fz* (forzando) chord. The vocal entry begins with the lyrics 'The Owl sat on the Old Yew Tree, Un-mind-ful of the blast, And'. The vocal melody is in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics continue: 'shriek'd his dole-ful mel-o-dy, As if it were his last:— We'. The piano accompaniment features chords and single notes in the bass staff, with a *cres:* marking above the vocal line.

*p* *cres:* *dim:* *fz* *cres:*

The Owl sat on the Old Yew Tree, Un-mind-ful of the blast, And  
shriek'd his dole-ful mel-o-dy, As if it were his last:— We

bade him go\_ That bird of woe.

dim:

Second Verse.

T'was just at mid\_night hour he came, When all were wrapt in sleep, To

cres:

chase a\_\_way each hap\_py dream, And make us wake and weep:

cres:

Bird of night hour, We felt thy pow'r.

dim:



*p*

We thought up-on the lov'd and lost, En-tombed be-neath the wave, And

pic-tured them when tempest tost, And none was there to save.

None to save, We felt thy power. *He seemed to have*

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Yes, God was there, and heard the cry,  
 The prayer, the dying groan,  
 And ministering angels hovered nigh,  
 And bore each spirit home:  
     Ill omened bird,  
     Heaven's voice was heard.

Just then a silvery ray of light,  
 Illumed the eastern sky,  
 In wild alarm he took his flight,  
 T'was day spring from on high.  
     We hailed the sign  
     As voice divine.

